

The Grail

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FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



DEAR GRAIL READERS:

How should you like to take a peep into the Abbey Mail Bag? I assure you that it is often interesting. The Abbey has its own special mail carrier who three times each day takes mail

out and in. Though we live ten miles off the railroad, we have better mail service than most city people. There are really three mail bags going to and fro, not to mention the lot of mail that goes in and out at the Abbey Press. The Major Seminary has its special bag that carries messages of joy and woe between the Rector of the Seminary and his Seminarians and the people outside or at home. Similarly the Minor Seminary has its mail service. But we now are concerned with the Abbey Mail Bag. For many a year Brother Benedict Joseph (or Brother Benjo, as we call him for brevity) has been its trusty keeper.

The main mail comes in the morning at about 9:15—Very well, we will imagine it is now about 9:15 A. M. Up the steps comes Brother Benjo with that Abbey Mail Bag. In either the Abbot's or the Prior's room he empties the contents of the unlocked bag onto a table. Then the Superior goes about the task of assorting. This task falls to the lot of the Superior by reason of the prescription of the Holy Rule. St. Benedict has a special chapter in his Holy Rule with the heading, "Whether a Monk Ought to Receive Letters or Tokens." The chapter begins like this: "On no account shall it be lawful for monks to receive either from their parents or anyone else, or even from one another, letters, tokens, or any little gifts whatsoever, or to give them to others, without the permission of their Abbot. And if anything be sent to a monk, even by his parents, let him not presume to receive it, except it have first been made known to the Abbot.... Should

anyone, however, presume to act otherwise, let him be subjected to the discipline of the Rule." In accordance with this ruling all in-coming and out-going Abbey mail must be submitted to the Superior's inspection. Monks by their religious profession detach themselves from the world and its dangerous allurements. St. Benedict wished to protect his sons against any dangerous contact that might come in the guise of letters or tokens or gifts.

Now we come to the sorting of the contents of the Abbey Mail Bag. All mail for the Brothers is entrusted to the Brother Instructor. The mail for the Fraters (our clerics preparing for the holy priesthood) is entrusted to the Novice Master. The mail for the Fathers is taken care of by the Superior himself and then distributed by Brother Benjo. He places each Father's mail on the study table in his room. Most of the mail for the departments of the Abbey goes to the Father Procurator. That is Father John. His correspondence covers a wide variety. First of all he buys all the food supplies. That means getting quotations, sending out orders, and getting many, many bills. According to the season of the year there will be more or less mail chat for the Procurator occasioned by the farm, the dairy, the coal mine, the orchard, the garden, the boiler plant or power plant, the carpenter shop. The Building Master is Father Peter. It is surprising how many things he has to order to keep all these big buildings in repair and paint and from time to time do more building. Father Peter also has charge of the stone quarry. Many a letter comes in that asks about our beautiful sandstone. Can we supply it for building purposes? Of course, we can.

The beautiful stone used to decorate the lobby and staircase of the State Library and Historical Building at Indianapolis came out of our quarry. Another busy man that receives and writes many letters is our Father Raphael. We call him the Vestiarium

(Turn to page 348)



A Plea for Mercy

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

THE Cynic was voraciously attacking a banana when I caught up with him. Between bites he began extolling the merits of the proprietor of the store from which he had purchased the fruit. Waving an empty banana skin above his head, he declared by way of climax that the man could even talk Greek.

"That's nothing," I depreciated, "I know a few Greek words myself."

"No, what are they?" he challenged.

"Kyrie eleison," I answered.

The look he gave me should have discouraged me, but I knew his interest in liturgical affairs, so I suggested that we find a warm spot where we could sit and talk without being too much disturbed. Anyway, he wanted to eat his bananas and, as long as I kept talking, I couldn't, so he reluctantly consented.

"To make a short story long," I said as we climbed the stairs to his room, "the whole Mass was probably at one time said in Greek. Now, however, the Kyrie eleison or Lord, have mercy, is about the only Greek retained in the Mass proper. But that is hardly a remnant of the Greek Mass. Rather it came from the East about the fourth century in the form of a refrain to a long litany. In course of time the litany itself was discarded but the refrain was kept.

"There is, of course, any number of reasons why it should be retained in Greek and not put into Latin. There are some expressions so peculiarly adapted to the language of their conception that they lose all force and beauty when translated into another. Then, too, since the early Church was made up largely of Latins, Greeks, and Hebrews, it is fitting that each of these contributed something to the make-up of the Mass. Latin predominates, Hebrew is represented in the Alleluia and the Hosanna, etc., while the Kyrie represents the Greeks.

"The sign which Pilate placed above the Cross of Calvary was written in the same three languages. Since the Mass is the continuation of Calvary, what more proper than to retain the same languages? Also, Greek was the ver-

acular of the early Church, and as such was the language of her first great champions and heroes. One of the greatest reasons, though, is that it is the language in which the Holy Scriptures were preserved. Our Lord and the Apostles quoted from the Greek text of the Old Testament and most of the Scriptural writings of the New Testament were originally written in Greek. Some of the reasons given may seem inspired by mere sentimentality, but utility and custom played a large part, not to mention divine inspiration.

"Some peculiar reasons, likewise, have been advanced to account for the number of times the Kyrie is repeated. It was really only in the ninth century that the number was fixed as we now have it; three Kyries, three Christes, and three more Kyries. Legend has it that, at His ascension into Heaven, our Lord stopped off one day with each of the nine choirs of Angels and the nine-fold repetition of the Kyrie is but a commemoration and a summing up of the praises offered Jesus by each of these choirs.

"The commonly accepted opinion, though, is that the number and arrangement has been adopted to honor the Holy Trinity. The first three Kyries are dedicated to the Father, the three Christes to the Son, the last three Kyries to the Holy Ghost. Each Person receives a three-fold cry for mercy so that we virtually invoke all Three Persons in each group, thus showing the unity of the Blessed Trinity at the same time as the trinity."

The Cynic was still sitting there listening patiently and still chewing on bananas, although not quite so heartily as he had been the last time I had looked in his direction. A pile of peelings at his feet witnessed the number of victims to his fondness for the fruit. And, if the number was not legion, it was not far from it. The looks of him gave me my next point.

"The Kyrie," I continued, "was the cry used by the sick when calling upon the mercy of Christ during His earthly life. As an expression of our needs, it is never omitted whether

(Turn to page 350)

A Letter to Saint Joseph:

Jerry Wallace

DEAR SAINT JOSEPH:

IF the contents of this letter displease you, may I ask you not to inform the Heavenly Accountant of your displeasure? You see, being a seminarist, and having so many rules to keep, I fear too many of my deeds have already been written in red. Now, please, Saint Joseph, be a sport, and lend a patient ear to my grievance.

When I entered my room the other day, I came face to face with a woodcarving of you. What a horrible unlikeness of you it was! And, oh, what irony that you, the greatest carpenter that ever lived, should have been so badly done! You had muddy-gray hair and a long, sad face. Now if I tell you how I happened to stumble upon you so suddenly, will you promise not to be shocked?

It is not a strict secret, nor, on the other hand, is it general knowledge, that seminarists conveniently dispose of any excess baggage they may have by dumping it into the next-door neighbor's room. Consequently, it is not at all uncommon for one of us to find that our room, upon being left alone, has acquired a conglomeration of articles ranging from green-backed turtles and cats to broken rocking chairs and pictures. Incidentally, the turtles need not have green backs. You may be sure that these impedimenta, after making the rounds, find their way home. Recently, a sacristan decorated my desk and bed with several bouquets of roses. And, be it said to his discredit, these roses had very definitely begun to go the way of all fourteen-days-old cut flowers. (I hope the sacristan reads this; thus far I have had no revenge upon him.)

Those smelly roses! And now some culprit has put this horrible woodcarving into my room. Honestly, Saint Joseph, it displeased me a lot. In fact, it made me rather angry—angry that you should be so badly carved, angry that anybody should put such a badly carved image into my room. You looked like a dishevelled centenarian.

Why do so many people insist on depicting you as the earth's most ancient sad man? The Gospels tell us that you were "a just man." They say nothing at all about your age. Must we, therefore, think of you as having been an old man at the time of Christ's birth? Would it not be more reasonable to believe that you were young? It would please you, too, wouldn't it, Saint Joseph, to have us think of you as having been a young man? True, the Apocryphal Gospels and some of the early Fathers suppose that you were the father of six children, and rather advanced in age, (about ninety years old) at the time of your marriage with Mary. But what on earth could have been their reason for this supposition? After the Canonical Gospels had been circulated, did the future author of the Apocryphal Gospels, and these Fathers, perhaps, find difficulty in explaining the passage about the brethren of the Lord? Did they therefore conclude that Mary must have been your second wife? But the logic of such an expedient loses weight when we recall that the word "brother" in scriptural usage often meant cousin, or simply relation.

Besides (and this is very important), the tradition of the first four centuries taught that you were not a widower but in the prime of manhood at the time you betrothed Mary. I will wager that you were pleased with Saint Jerome for giving so many sane arguments in support of this theory. Now, confess up, Saint Joseph; you were, weren't you? And of course you know that all of the credit does not go to Saint Jerome, for he borrowed many of his reasons from Saint Justin. Tradition is certainly weightier than the Apocryphal writings. Indeed it is even older than any part of the Canonical New Testament, and serves to clarify many points that the New Testament mentions only slightly or not at all. Although the Apocrypha are interesting, they should never be looked upon as authoritative. Why not get back to the tradition current until the fifth century?



That you were a young man when Our Saviour came into the world, seems to be much more compatible with God's entire plan of the Incarnation.

Surely, God, Who chose a very young, beautiful virgin to be His Mother, would not have chosen a tottering old man, the father of six children, to be His foster father. I sometimes wonder if you yourself do not indulge in a heavenly chuckle at the very thought of such a thing. Do you, Saint Joseph? We mortals can be so ridiculous at times. If it were not for seeming absurd, I should ask you to pardon me while I laughed.

Considering all the arduous tasks the guardianship of Mary and her Son imposed upon you, vigorous young manhood would have greatly aided you in your prompt and faithful exercise of it.

Now, please, Saint Joseph, will you not help us to forget the old, sad Saint Joseph? For you were not old. Nor were you sad.

Why, the particular woodcarving of which I am speaking makes you look as lonely as the man in the moon—as desolate as a beggar in the desert. (Plainly a reason to make you sad: having been made to look so sad.) What a distorted picture of your life many people have! All on account of poorly executed images and one-sided writings, many of us think only of your labors, of your sorrows. But let us be fair in this.

Nobody doubts that you did have your sorrows. Need we ask how you felt when haunted with the thought of having to put Mary away privately? Or if you were saddened on that Christmas when you knocked and asked, but found no shelter? And when the eight days after His birth had been accomplished, how your eyes must have filled with tears at beholding the knife with which your trembling hand fulfilled the law of Circumcision. Then, forty days later, at the presentation in the Temple, your ears, no less than Mary's, heard Simeon's awful prophecy. But these were only the beginnings of your sorrows. The second apparition of the angel was so unlike the first; it was not to lift a sorrow, but to add another; to tell you that you must flee into Egypt, that you must give up your trade, your only means of supporting the Holy Family, and begin anew in a strange country. Then, after you had dwelt in

this strange country until the death of Herod, you had to return again into Nazareth. Yet, you dared not pass through Judea for fear of being apprehended by the dreaded Archelaus. Saint Joseph, I know that my reminding you of all these sorrows brings back memories. But, you see, I also know that since you are now glorified you can never feel any sorrow, so I'll just go on. All these sorrows and hardships prepared you for the crowning sorrow of your life.

What a look of terror must have crept into your eyes when the Nazareth Caravan, returning from the celebration of the Pasch in Jerusalem, halted that first evening and you beheld Mary—Mary alone! Your Little Boy was not with her! You saw only Mary—Mary, and that kindred look of terror that threatened to bathe her eyes in tears of sorrow at the knowledge of your mutual loss. You were foster father to the Man of Sorrows. You were husband to the Mother of Sorrows. Saint Joseph, were you not the Father of Sorrows?

Yes, most of us know of your sorrows. But we have either forgotten, or have never been taught, that you were a man, "a just man," chosen from among all the just men of Israel. We have given too little thought to the fact that you had strength of character enough to conceal your sorrows, strength of character enough to bear up under them, and (pardon the expression) "take them" like the man you were. Had you been a spineless person (then of course you could not have been foster father to the Son of God), perhaps you would have shown your sorrows by frowning and wearing the long, sad face many of your images give you. If we would know whether you were sorrowful or joyful, let us weigh your sorrows and joys.

Is this becoming too pedantic, Saint Joseph? Dear me! If it is, nobody will ever read it. And I do so desperately want other people to feel, as I, that you were a happy young man.

Corresponding to your seven sorrows were your seven joys. But even without these seven joys, you must have been the happiest of men. How else could the knowledge of having been chosen by God from among all men, past, present, and future, to take such a tremendous part in heaven and earth's greatest drama, have affected you other than to make you the happiest of men? Think of all your earthly and heavenly possessions.

You loved, and were loved by, the most beautiful, the most perfect human being that God could create—"Our tainted natures' solitary boast," the most noble Daughter of God, "divinely pure and most divinely fair." Your love surpassed all the extravagant imaginings of the earth's greatest lovers. You were ravished by the exquisite beauty, the sheer sweetness of Mary's person. "Mary, The Lily of Israel!" And the greatness and strength of your love lay in this: that it was virginal. Your love knew that she whom it loved was made to nourish Love. Mary's smile could make light your labors; her voice soothe your fears; her touch send a thrill of ecstatic emotion rushing through your entire being, putting to flight the least suspicion of a sad thought. Saint Joseph, truly were you chosen! Mary was your earthly possession. Riches of all earthly riches!

And your heavenly Treasure? He who is. The Beginning of the End. The God of the universe. Oh, Saint Joseph, you were the Banker of heaven and earth! You possessed the treasures of both. But you knew no depressions. The value of your Treasures never changed. If guarding this heavenly Treasure caused you anxiety, did He not reward your anxiousness by permitting you to spend your life as foster father of, hero to, and provider for, Him who, now glorified, is the cynosure of eternity? And, when human for the human on earth, He leavened the tenor of your very ordinary life with His joyful presence. If the ordeal of the circumcision filled you with sorrow, what joy must you not have felt each time that little Infant snuggled up to you, coddled His cherub cheek against your breast, and, from the depths of His beautiful, all-seeing eyes, flashed you a smile of infinite love, as He raised His tiny, omnipotent hand to rumple your beard. If you lost Him for a while in the Temple, what joy must have been yours to find Him "sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions." You lost Him for a while, but you found Him to have

Him subject to you for the remainder of your life. What joy to live in the perpetual, physical presence of Jesus! Sad Saint Joseph? Rather, happy Saint Joseph!

There were so many naive things that this Little Boy of yours used to do. Working side by side with Him in your carpenter shop, how you must have smiled when He asked you how to saw this, how to plane that. Your Maker, He Who placed every atom, designed molecular motion, He Who made all the laws of nature by which things are and grow, asking you, a worker in the wood that He created, how to work it! If ever mortal man had reason to be proud, surely you had.

When the day's work was done, how many times were you not privileged to go with Jesus and Mary to some secluded spot not far from your home, to stand beneath a fig, orange, or pomegranate tree, and drink in the beauty that nature had profusely laid in the little valley of Nazareth to tempt the eyes of the Holy Family. Jesus stood between you and

Mary. Stood between, yet joined by holding your hands, joining by His Divinity hypostatically united with His Humanity, you and Mary! And you stood there thinking your own thoughts, gazing at the snowy peaks of Libanus, and Hermon, the pure emerald-green of Tabor, the shadowy, amber depths of the Jordan. Happy Saint Joseph! Living with Mary. Living with Jesus. Husband to Mary. Foster father of Jesus. "Head of The Holy Family!"

And now for another request, Saint Joseph. Will you please help us to correct the notion that you were a sad, old man? Of course you will. I can almost see your eyes twinkling with delight at the prospect of the fun we are going to have doing it.

One more word, and I shall have finished. If I find the fellow who put that woodcarving into my room, may I do something really mean to him?

Devotedly yours,
Jerry Wallace.

(Turn to page 350)

Love

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

A tiny flame, a tiny glow

Is love,

A drop of oil, a piece of wood

Is faith,

A cupping hand, a shell'ring wall

Is hope,

Love's glowing flame by faith is fed

In the sanctuary of hope.

Grand Opera

Amedea Patricia Bortolotti

A GRAND opera is an elaborate musical drama. The meaning of the words 'grand opera' is 'great works'. And a grand opera is a combination of great works which, united, make one harmonious masterpiece.

What are these parts, great works, which make up a grand opera? They are the voice work; the orchestral selections and accompaniment; the art of acting; the color and aptness of scenery; the accurate knowledge of costumes; the libretto; the chorus work; the ballet incidentals; and the management and skill which is needed to make grand opera a success. These various fields of art unite to make GRAND OPERA. A long discussion could be made upon each phase, but this is not my purpose.

However, a few words about the parts of opera are not amiss. Primarily, the voice—because a grand opera differs from any other form of musical drama principally because it is sung throughout and speaking plays no part therein—is to be considered. Therefore, the real genius of the opera composer is to be found in the voice work. The voice is brought to us in arias, duets, quartets, quintets, sextets, and solo with chorus accompaniment. How many immortal arias have we received from grand opera! Who does not remember among these 'Celeste Aida' from Verdi's opera "Aida"; 'Toreador Song' from "Carmen" by Bizet; 'Clown Song' from Leon Cavallo's opera "T Pagliacci"; 'Flower Song' from "Faust" by Gounod; or the 'Waltz Song' from "Romeo & Juliet" by Gounod. Or again who does not recall duets from "Il Trovatore" or "La Traviatta"? And of course we are mindful of the 'quartet' from "Rigoletto" and the 'Sextet' from "Lucia".

The work which next shows the genius of the composer is found in the orchestral accompaniment. This orchestral accompaniment adds a wealth of melody and harmony to every grand opera. In operas by Richard Wagner an instrument or combination of instruments play a certain melody to signify the coming of each character. This melody is repeated at every

mention or appearance of each character throughout the opera. Thus we have the call of Die Walkure at every mention or appearance of Brunhilde or her battlemaids, daughters of the god, Wotan. A composer can give to the world an undying orchestral selection if his knowledge of harmony and musical instruments is great and his gift of creation equal. Thus we have the famous 'Wedding March' from Wagner's "Lohengrin" and 'Triumphal March' from "Aida" by Verdi. I might add a word here as to the skill which a musician must possess to be a member of a grand opera orchestra. A period of rehearsals precedes every season of grand opera. Year after year the musicians rehearse the same operas, and new operas, improving. There is no substituting another musician at the last minute. Even a very good musician is not necessarily fit to play grand opera. The orchestra usually consists of about ninety men. The orchestra directors are men of wide musical knowledge, chosen with care.

The art of good acting is another factor which goes to make up a grand opera. A singer might be well versed in the knowledge of opera, might possess a beautiful and well trained voice, but if that singer could not act—he is not star and would probably find himself in the chorus. Some stars are as well known for their famous acting in operas as for their voice—for example Mary Garden.

What can I say of the color and aptness of the scenery which also is a part of a grand opera? I shall here insert the remark of an artist friend who went to see "Aida." He evidently expected to see a glare of wild color, but on beholding the dull richness and accurateness of the scenery for the Egyptian scenes, exclaimed, "It is exactly as history and art teaches!" The scenery is very expensive. Rows and rows of lights give the various effects for sky, clouds and the like. The stage of the new Civic Opera Theatre is thirteen stories high with one thousand watt bulbs casting down various tints of colored light. The scenery is very high and heavy. Much care and study is necessary for

the accurate selection of scenery.

Now we come to the costumes. Are they of material to look good? Yes, but this same material must be of the best quality in order that the costumes may wear long. There is room after room containing trunks of costumes of rich brocade, wigs of all types, etc. The following phase particularly interested me. The Chicago Civic Opera company, and no doubt others also, hires one man all during the opera season to take care of the armor, helmets, swords and the like. He has two long rooms with every age of armor therein. It is his work to see that the stars or chorus receive the correct armor for the opera playing. How odd to actually behold on a shelf the shield of Lohengrin, the helmet of Hunding, the front armor of Mark Antony and the sword of Don Quixote and the knife with which Otello takes his own life. Even to the slightest detail in a sword, the knowledge of costuming must be exact!

The libretto is the booklet which contains the words which are sung during the opera. If the opera is sung in French, the libretto consists of a French and English translation. Think of the genius which a composer must possess when he writes the words to his music and song. All composers do not write the words to their operas. Among the great composers who wrote the words as well as the music is Richard Wagner. Wagner is the author of the German epic which will live in literature forever and which in grand opera is divided into four operas; "Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," and "Death of the Gods." In many operas the librettos are not original, as 'Romeo & Juliet' or 'Faust'. In such operas we read a revised copy of the true literature. Many people think that the program an opera-goer receives on entrance is a libretto. It is not. It is merely a program giving a brief sketch of the opera and perhaps a short life of the composer. A libretto is bought. Many opera lovers bring a flash light and follow the libretto while the singing proceeds. This is not advisable unless one has seen the opera before.

We come to that rather-looked-down-upon word 'chorus'. To be in the chorus of grand opera company is an honor. It means being able to sing several languages well, also knowing at least six operas by memory. An opera chorus adds a great deal to the opera—or I should say,

the chorus is an important part of the grand opera. Who does not recall the famous "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser" by Wagner? In many shows one of the chorus works himself up. This is not generally true of grand opera. We might say 'once in the chorus always in the chorus' and be pretty sure of being absolutely correct.

There is something vitally interesting about a ballet, is there not? So, too, with the opera ballet. It brings that touch of variety, a more light form of music, and presents a scene of grace. All grand operas do not have ballet selections, but every grand opera company needs a ballet. We have all heard of, if not seen, the famous ballet selection "Dance of the Hours" from the opera "La Gioconda" by Ponchielli. And what of the ballet selection of the colored slaves of Ameris in "Aida?" Perhaps we have even heard of some of the well known ballet dancers, as Pavlowa or Ludmilla.

Finally we have arrived at the phase 'management of an opera company'. We hear so many people moan at the price of an opera ticket, from one to six dollars, and we hear the comment, "The company must make money." After all I have written, now that you see all that goes to make a grand opera, can you still think there could be a profit? If you do, you are much mistaken. There is a big deficit at the close of every opera season. Opera does not pay for itself, let alone produce a profit. Guarantors give large amounts of money each year, society buys out the box seats—yet there is always a deficit. With the Civic Opera company this deficit was paid by Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick. Is this deficit surprising or caused from a lack of good management? No, not when one considers the expense of producing a grand opera. There are to be paid: the stars, the directors, the orchestra members, the managers, the chorus, scenery movers, stage hands, carpenters, mechanics, electricians, secretaries, ticket sellers, ushers, and a number of others too numerous to mention. Some grand opera companies travel. They go only to the cities which have promised the cost of all their expenses. You may point out some small opera company which plays about seven operas and say "See, they make profit." I am speaking of a large grand opera company which produces more
(Turn to page 331)

Rural Rhapsody

Cicely Burke

"MARCH, you've stood a lot of knocking
Of the kind that's simply shocking.
They have terribly aspersed you
For the weather you produce.
But you have a friend in me, sir!
I'm glad as I can be, sir,
When you come, because you tell me
That old Winter's letting loose!"

SO sang the poet, and so sang the rest of us
Once, but that was before the old ruffian
ripped our roofing paper from its moorings
atop the shelters here and there and scattered
it all over the fields. Even so, far be it from
anyone bearing the name—Burke to cast asper-
sions on the old warrior, for, sure, he wears a
bit of green near his heart, and that bit o' the
green covers a multitude of roofs.

March and a gay seed catalog can ruin the
good disposition of the best gardener. We know
all about that old story told by Dr. Thomas
Darlington to prove that the less we have the
happier we are. If you have heard it, you can't
stop me—the chief character is an Oriental
kind—or, maybe it is the shirtless man. No dif-
ference. Plenty of difference in the two men.
I meant no difference in the story which man
takes the chief part. Here's the story. Make
your own deductions.

A certain Oriental king who was very un-
happy called a philosopher to his luxurious
living abode for advice. The philosopher looked
about him at all the fol de rol that kings must
be on intimate terms with, and his heart became
sad. See! The answer was right there as plain
as A B C.

The king saw the sadness and recognized it,
for it was but a reflection of what his own heart
contained. "You can't help me?" he asked.

"No, Your Majesty, but you can help your-
self—if you have the—intestinal fortitude."

The king assured the philosopher that he had
what it would take and stood up on his spindly
legs to prove it.

"Okay," cheered the philosopher. "Go out
and search your kingdom for the most content-
ed man. When you find him—wear this man's
shirt."

The king was desperate enough to follow
instructions. Up and down and around about
he traveled. At first he kept to his chariot;
later he took to a gayly caparisoned charger and
followed trails no chariot could take. Still no
contented man! The king was getting peeved,
and sent for the philosopher again.

"If you think this is some kind of child's
game," he thundered at the wise man, "I'll—
I'll" he clutched at his heavy heart and
swooned. The philosopher busied himself in-
specting the golden fol de rol about the kingly
quarters while attendants applied the usual re-
storatives; then with a wave of his hands he
sent the attendants away.

"You old fool," he addressed the king, who
was threatened with another seizure, but noting
there were no attendants near with restoratives,
he stiffened his backbone and demanded speech
becoming one of his high station.

"Yeah?" said the philosopher. "I am an
honest man. No hypocrisy. You want to be
addressed as Your Majesty? Omigosh! If
there is anything majestic about you trot it out
and prove it."

The king wilted. "Tell me wherein I failed,"
and he went into a long complaining account of
the days he had spent searching for the con-
tented man.

"Start out tomorrow morning early on foot
—shank's mare," the philosopher said not un-
kindly, "and interview every man you meet.
I would be interested in your findings. 'bye."
And with no bow, no backing out, nor nothin'
the philosopher departed.

Some weeks later the wise man got a penciled
note on paper without the usual fol de rol.

"The man had no shirt," said the writer.
"Thanks a lot."

Truly, there is no charge for a sunset over
the hills, no tax on the lines of a naked tree
etched against a grey sky, and one doesn't have
to pay to lean over a parapet and watch the
river flowing by—b-u-t when a balmy March
comes, and a garden catalog chances to drop in
on that day—oh, dear me suz, the shirtless coun-

tryman can be excused for feeling just a little sorry for himself. If he had a shirt, the chances are he would trade it for a few packets of seed.

So many new kinds of poppies. I have always loved poppies, all of them with the exception of the Flanders variety. And now after the experts have glorified the old standby, there are gorgeous flowers in the poppy fields—only 5¢ the packet from those reliable good people in Greenwood, S. C. Give you the name on request. Every seed grows, truly. Don't get the idea from the low price that the seeds are cheap. They are not.

Clarkias—simple little annuals that brighten the whole flower garden, and inside they will brighten up a room week after week.

You will notice I turn my back on the tree peonies, rhododendrons, that new climbing hydrangea. Not quite so humble as the man with no shirt—but, pretty near—MIGHTY NEAR.

We had ordered a new garden rake—getting ready for spring, and the day it came a beautiful (?) snowstorm descended upon our world. It was glorious. Balto, our pampered Collie, rooted around in it like a groundhog till he was all of a curly wetness. And the bewildered daffodils hung their golden heads and shivered. But, the rake, I started to tell you about:

Himself said he'd put that rake to work, snow or more snow. Out to the toolhouse he stalked trailed by the wee-est. In no time we heard the snow plow and ran to investigate. Those two fellows, the biggest of the family and the wee-est, just laughed off all our questions about the rake till we were almost as peeved as the spindly-legged king. Finally, the plow was lifted clear of the snow and we beheld the new rake with a board fastened to the teeth, underside, of course—held by staples. You'd be surprised the way that rake cleaned the walks, aided and abetted by the board, to be sure. The board will be easily removed come spring; but in the meantime, it makes a good snow plow.

O, la la! Another of those beautiful snowstorms which inspired the great poet to give us a pen picture not to be outdone by the scene, itself:

.....
 "Every pine and fir and hemlock
 Wore ermine too near for an earl;

And the poorest twig on the elm tree
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl."

The song of the Buff Orpington, confident and undismayed, reaches us across the snowy space between the back porch and the Orpington domain. We're not going to let any old hen outdo us in confidence and patience.

Top o' the mornin' to y', March!

Grand Opera

(Continued from page 329)

than twenty different operas a season and contracts the great stars. Is there any kind of profit in opera? Yes, it gives culture and education to the people and fosters art.

In conclusion I might add a little about the kinds, types, of grand operas. Most operas are tragedies. The sad things of life play more upon the emotions than the comic. Among the tragedies there are those that deal with love, as the tragedy of the two famous lovers, 'Romeo and Juliet'; as those which deal with history, as 'Andrea Chenier' or 'Cleopatra'; as those which deal with myth, as 'Die Walkure' and others of Wagner; as those which deal with literature, as 'Don Quixote' or 'Otello'; or as those of the religious type, as 'Jongleur de Notre Dame', 'Faust', or 'Sampson and Delilah'. There are fairy-tale operas, as 'Hansel and Gretel', 'Love of the Three Oranges', and 'Children of the King.' And there are some happy comic operas, as 'Barbar of Seville', 'Martha'.

Truly a grand opera (grand coming from the French 'grand' meaning 'great'; and opera from the Latin 'opus-operis' meaning 'works') is a combination of great works united to make one elaborate musical drama.

Mission Support

"When a child is sick in the family mother does not leave it alone, neglected until all her other work or pleasure has been done. Rather the sick child comes first; and all mother's care, solicitude and time are centered on it... So is it with Holy Mother Church; her sick, invalid child is the child of the mission. She cannot neglect it. On the contrary, she concentrates all her care, resources, both spiritual and temporal, on it until the crisis has passed. She asks us to imitate her."

—Rev. George J. Hurley.

Bread and Soup

Pauline Gay

HATTIE Drobkowski's home was in Schofield, Wisconsin, a tiny mill town with great piles of sawdust and the resinous odor of pine. She could remember crossing the ocean, the smell of the salt sea, the long journey from New York to northern Wisconsin.

There were six children—Lizzie, Tony, John, Jeffrey, Stanley, and Clare—younger than Hattie.

They lived on a four-room company house and their lives ran to uniformity with other mill workers' children; school and work. The water had to be carried from the community well and the chips gathered from the piles left by the giant saws. Bread and soup was eaten with a relish; wild asparagus, great buckets of blueberries, crab-apples, and nuts were gathered on the nearby hillside.

Hattie was ten when the Mill brought a welfare worker from Chicago, established her in a cozy little house, furnished her with material for her classes, and called the house The Schofield Settlement House.

In addition to sewing, art, hiking, hygiene, and cooking, Miss Lester, the resident, taught Sunday school in her home.

She spent some time taking the census and her charm won every mother. When she had been a short time in the village, she asked that Hattie be allowed to live with her. Her parents let her go. It meant fine food, good clothes, and she was the envied of the entire village.

There was no Catholic Church in Schofield. The mill workers attended Mass in Wausau, six miles away.

Miss Lester requested Hattie to attend the Settlement Sunday school. "Tell your parents, Harriet," she said, "I teach the truth here, and it is wrong for you to live with me and go against my teaching."

Hattie's mother was disturbed. "We should bring her home, pa," she said, "or she will soon forget our way."

"Women always worry," he said. "She gets food, clothes, and good manners. Soon she will be teaching school and give us her wages. She

can live with us when she is through school and be a Catholic then."

But her mother continued to worry, to mention Hattie often. He tired of it. "Listen, woman, in this State we have to send our children to school until they are eighteen. Think of all the bread and soup Hattie will eat on us until she is eighteen. Figure it at a dollar a week, and put that extra dollar in the bank."

The years unwound. Hattie finished high school when she was seventeen, and Miss Lester was proud of her was going to send her to Chicago to school, to the Baptist Missionary Training School.

Mrs. Drobkowski was against it, but Miss Lester and Mr. Drobkowski were firm. Hattie was going, and she went.

At the completion of her course she returned to Schofield to visit her parents before leaving for her work in New Mexico—*New Mexico, where the sainted Franciscans had planted the Cross.*

"You mean you will teach them to be Baptist?" her mother asked.

"I must teach the things I know, mother."

"You are a Catholic, Hattie."

"Mother, I wish you would call me Harriet."

"Harriet, you are a Catholic. We always thought you would teach school, like Lizzie, and live home with us."

"If you wished me to be a Catholic, why didn't you keep me in a Catholic atmosphere in my impressive years? You made me a Baptist. I am as sincere in my belief as you are in yours. Why shouldn't I teach the Spaniards my way? If they are supposed to be Catholics, as you claim, why did you make me something else, when since I can remember I have told you I was going to be a missionary, like Sister Veronica, who taught catechism here the year I was six."

"Yes, but Sister Veronica is Catholic——"

"You made me what I am, mother."

Spring comes late in Wisconsin, and beautifully. The swamp maples burgeon as the snow

(Turn to page 348)



Hello, Ma!

Chicago, Illinois,
January 4, 1934.

Dear Ma:

With times so hard back home you must feel good that I am teaching—at least your letter made me think you feel good.

Well, Ma, I was a little hasty to leave my school at home because they cut me twenty-five dollars a month. I'd still be getting one hundred and fifteen dollars if I took the cut. Ma, I am a poor sport.

I am getting twenty-five a month and my living here. You thought I was getting one hundred? That was before I was cut. I took a seventy-five dollar a month cut here, after I'd refused to take a twenty-five dollar cut at home.

Chicago is flat, Ma. Mrs. Huck is a good woman but a strange one. She has no heat in the entire building except in her room and her daughter's. Honestly, Ma. Gas logs in their rooms going full blast all the time, while we wear sweaters, woolen stockings and even petticoats, to keep from freezing. We go to bed at seven o'clock to keep from contracting pneumonia. I have a cold in my head all the time, Ma.

Will you send me seven dollars, Ma? I need it. How is Pa? Joey, Mary, Eileen and Ben?

Love to you all—especially you, Ma.

Kay.

R. F. D. 13, Avalon, Wisconsin,
January the fifth

Miss Kay McCann,
Huck Private School for Girls,
4545 Drexel Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear child:

Pa will send you a postoffice money order for seven dollars when he takes the milk to the factory. Be careful of it for money is scarce. The price of milk dropped again.

Katherine McCann, you should blush for shame to write as you do about that school. It

Constance Edgerton

is cold? No lady who runs a school would keep it cold. She would keep it warm. Don't she know she is responsible to God—and to the parents—for the health of the children under her care? Be careful what you write. Think twice before you put your thoughts on paper. Cold indeed! The very idea!

All fall we are praying for you to get work. You had every one of us in turmoil when you did not take your own school again. And now you have me worried when you write such eerie things—so far-fetched about a saintly woman like Mrs. Huck.

Pa is well. Mary is at Marstons and so is Joey. Ben and Eileen are getting their home work.

Affectionately,
Mother.

Chicago, January 7, 1934.

Mrs. Henry McCann,
Route 13,
Avalon, Wisconsin.

Dear Ma:

Thank you for the seven dollars. Don't get all steamed up over what I wrote about Mrs. Huck and heat and cold. It is true.

We have no heat in the school. Mrs. Huck has a double gas log in her room continually blazing—and there is one in her daughter's room. The Hucks are comfortable, so why concern themselves about us?

The food is worse than insipid. Hash, soy beans, watered mashed potatoes, weakly coffee trimmed with skimmed and watered milk, parsnips and cabbage. Butterine. Real Oleo-margerine, Ma.

Everything is poorly cooked and unseasoned. Sundays we have tapioca pudding and lamb stew—but it is really a rammish-goaty-mutton, only they call it lamb.

Ma, it has taken the heart out of me—I mean the food and everything. I came here to improve myself, to rise high in my chosen profession, to acquire poise and self-control, to modulate my

voice, to make a legendary background full of knighted ancestors for myself and have them blazing a shield, to earn my living, to make you and Pa proud of me.

Now we are taking another cut to become effective February 1. Ma, I am losing money by working. My shoes are scuffing, my clothes are getting dirty and wearing out. I used that seven dollars to pay the cleaners and have my shoes soled. Now I need seven dollars more.

Mrs. Huck has a high temper, a sharp tongue and a quick hand. She slaps the girls, yells at them, calls them names—and she is pretty fresh with the teachers, too. Yesterday she came into my bedroom and ordered me to pick the papers—the home papers you sent me, Ma,—off the floor.

She goes somewhere every day—to matinees and the Art Institute or shopping. Nights she goes off again to concerts and shows and she eats out all the time. And she has the nerve to pay me twenty-five dollars a month—and beginning February 1 she is going to pay me fifteen dollars a month. Ma, fifteen dollars a month for working!!!

She asked in chapel for a volunteer to put on a play. She is gaga over dramatic work. I stood up and offered myself. She cunningly questioned me as to my ability and experience. I told her I was play leader for Rock County. "Where did you pursue the study of the drama?" she purred exactly like a cat. "Emerald Grove Township high school and White-water State Teachers' College," I told her.

Then she gave me the dramatic work. *Piling work on me and cutting my salary!!*

Hello to Pa, Eileen, Mary, Joey and Ben.

Your overworked,
Kay.

Avalon, Wisconsin
January 10, 1934.

Miss Katherine McCann,
Huck Private School for Girls,
4545 Drexel Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear daughter:

I am ashamed to read your letters aloud to the family. They are communist—and so are you! How can you be like that? Giving scandal to

your brothers and sisters. Do you say your prayers and go to church?

Is it any of your business if Mrs. Huck goes to shows and matinees? She has to have some enjoyment, poor soul, and if she finds it in innocent amusements like matinees, shows and looking at good pictures, who are you to criticize?

And if she does eat out all the time I call her wise for doing it, for if the food is all you say a grand lady like Mrs. Huck would have no appetite for it.

You are losing money by working? What new derangement is this? You get your room and food—shame on you to find fault with it. Think of Lent and how Christ fasted for your sins—and mine. Kay, I am praying for you.

If you behaved yourself and taught your own school as Pa and I told you to, all would be well with you now.

Stay there until school is out. If you come home before vacation it will be sniggered about you were not capable of teaching in Chicago, and were asked to leave.

You should be able to teach anything anywhere, considering what your education cost Pa and me.

Try your best on dramatics and allow the children to express themselves. Stop smothering them. Everyone says you want to put your own personality into the play and rob the children of theirs. The last play you gave here at the grange was not good as you hogged it all. You remember it—THE COOKEY HOUSE.

Joey had a tooth filled today. It cost twelve dollars. But Joey is a good boy and I shouldn't begrudge him a tooth. Mary went with him and had her teeth cleaned. They brought me home a lamp from the Bargain Store. It is the prettiest shade I ever saw—all reindeers and beads.

Kay, try to adjust yourself. At home you ran us all and you cannot do that there. You cracked the whip and we jumped—so well trained to your whims were we.

Forget your old slogan: "Rule or be ruled," for you will be ruled out in the world. We allowed you to rule us to keep peace in the house. Outsiders are different.

I almost forgot to tell you Mary and Joey brought home a rug for my bedroom—blue and silver; curtains for the dining room and two new rocking chairs—one for Pa and one for me.

Eileen spelled down six schools at the township spelling meet last night over in Clinton. Pa and I were surely proud. Aunt Mame gave her a ten dollar gold piece. But then Mame was always generous—and a good speller, too.

Your loving,
Mother

Chicago, Illinois,
Friday the 12.

Dear Ma:

You seem to have no sympathy or love for me. I thought, of course, you'd be interested in my life. That is why I told you what is happening around me, and as Mrs. Huck is the high priestess and has all the say-so, naturally I wrote about her—like if I was in heaven I'd write you more about God than the angels—thinking you would understand.

Today in chapel she razzed me for the play I am directing. I answered her back. Said I had been play leader for Rock County. She interrupted me and said I was rotten. *Rotten*. That is an unfit word to use in the chapel of an exclusively private school—unless you are referring to eggs, tomatoes or fruit in that condition.

She has a vile temper, a sharp tongue and a quick hand. She called me a hick.

Naturally I stood up and told her a few things. In my well-modulated voice and with one eyebrow elevated I told her who and what I am. In part I said: "I am a McCann of Boston, descended from saints and kings. My grandfather McCann was a judge and trekked overland to Wisconsin before a plow had been put into the soil. We made history —"

She yelled at me to *shut up*. Yes, Ma, she bellowed: "Shut up!"

She came into my class room an hour later

and roared like a hungry lion because I was sitting down while I taught. I asked her if I was supposed to walk back and forth twirling a piece of chalk to look busy.

She called me a social climber, a would-be-teacher, a Wisconsin cheesemaker, a truck driver and several other hard names.

When she finished I asked her to leave my class room. She refused. I said to my class: "You have before you an example of an uneducated, unrefined, boorish person, uproarious, boisterous, loudly accusative and small-souled. If she were a visionary she would feed you well, keep you warm, make a home of these four walls—"

Ma, I thought she had taken a fit. She hopped up and down, flung her arms around, and ate a piece of chalk.

After a time she left and I told the class we would forego the topic we were on—History—and have an informal talk about Mrs. Huck.

You see, Ma, I felt too un-moraled to teach and knew a little spicy conversation would pep me up.

The girls said everything about Mrs. Huck. They think she was disappointed in love—as no one ever saw or even heard of a Mr. Huck.

And that is the woman I am forced to work for. I know she will break into my room at night as I lay sleeping and stab me. She looks like a stabber, Ma. Honest she does. You know the stabbers in the movies, Ma—the kind you dream about.

Pray for my safety, Ma.

Your own,

Kay.

(Turn to page 349)



Mary Among Lilies

ELIZABETH VOSS

*O Mary, Mother full of grace,
And purer than the lilies are,
Each lily hangs its gentle face
Before you, holy avatar.*

The Editor's Page

THE RIGHT



HERE is a paragraph which we have culled from an article in a recent magazine, which paragraph is, in turn, a quotation from a letter written by a young lady

of twenty-five:

"I believe in Individualism, that each Individual has a Right to the Sacraments of Sun, Air, and Water, of Love and of Beauty, the Right of Life, the Right of Death. I would say that the present Laws—both moral and legal—in regard to Suicide and Euthanasia are obsolete and need revision, that the Individual has as much Right to Die—proviso it harms no other individual—as to be Born, Married, go on a Journey. In some enlightened future World there will be public Lethal Chambers—both compulsory and voluntary—as there are now Public Baths and Libraries. Individuals will be free to die, may even be taught that it is sometimes their Duty to die. Death will be restored to its long lost Divinity."

You may be inclined to smile; you may be shocked at such language. But do not dismiss the matter lightly. Let us rather do some serious thinking. Let us do some correct thinking.

If you are not well acquainted with what a very large part of civilized mankind are doing and saying, you might presume immediately that those words were written by one who represents a very negligibly small group of rather crazy people. Such is not the case. Crazy they may be; few they are not. In proof we offer

the fact that right now, in England, a bill, which is called the Voluntary Euthanasia (easy death) Bill, is going to be submitted to Parliament. This bill, with certain provisos, would make it legal and easy for a person to put an end to his own life.

The question here raised is something as old as the history of man, yet something, too, that is new and quite unheard of. It is old, because throughout all ages we see people, harassed by disease, by poverty, by calamity and misfortune, and particularly by guilty conscience, debating the advisability of ending it all with one quick stroke. The question has never been worded better possibly than is done by Shakespeare when he put those classic lines in the mouth of his much-distressed Hamlet: "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Yes, the question, "To be or not to be," is not new. Millions have had to answer it when it confronted them. Fortunately, most people have agreed with Hamlet that "the dread of something after death makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

But this is new—unheard of till this godless age of ours—that men should arrogate to themselves the Right to Die, as they have taken to themselves the right to believe as they please and do as they please. It is this point on which we must get clear: Are there certain things to

RIGHT TO DIE

which no human law can give us a right? Are there certain things to which no man can ever have a right?

There are. We have no right, among other things, to another's property; we have no right to freedom in sexual pleasure; we have no right, above all, freely to dispose of life (our own or other's). We know all this for certain, because He who created these things, who, therefore, is Master and Owner of these things, has distinctly said: "Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not commit adultery; Thou shalt not kill." Moreover, our God, who is a jealous God and insists firmly on His rights, is particularly emphatic on this matter of life and death: "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God besides me; I will kill and I will make to live." In other words, the nature of God is best shown in that He alone is Master of His own Existence as well as of that of all His creatures. Jesus Christ gave particular testimony to His Divinity when He said: "I have power to lay it (My Life) down of Myself, and I have power to take it up again." To no one else is this power delegated.

But suppose one does not believe in God. Or, suppose he has never heard of these things. He does not have to bother about them, does he? No one is excused. God has made Himself sufficiently known to all and has written His laws in the hearts of all.

However, our age will have freedom and rights, even freedom from the Creator and rights which are His alone. This is what is called enlight-

ened thought and modern progress. The sentiment and desire towards them are spreading. Modern education is aiding most powerfully. It is becoming increasingly old-fashioned and backward to speak of the rights of God and forbid them to men.

Does the Church still dare to do so? The numerous mad-made churches do not dare to offer opposition. Just as Luther yielded to one in power and allowed him two wives, so today the various representatives of modern heresy still seek to maintain public favor by bowing before modern movements, how wrong soever they may be.

Not so the true Church of Christ. This Church has been constituted as the official custodian and interpreter of the laws and rights of God; it has been founded on the infallible rock of Peter and enlightened and strengthened by the Holy Spirit. It cannot bow to human passion or to the vagaries of human thought.

So it is not hard here to make a prophecy. A vast proportion of civilized people today will have "progress" as they see it. They are determined that nothing shall stand in the way. But the Catholic Church does and always will stand resolutely for the rights of God. The conflict is coming and is coming soon. Again, as in Nero's time, we shall see a ruthless, bloody war made to destroy the Church which will, this time, be regarded as the solitary obstacle to "freedom, enlightenment, and progress." Of which more later.

From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

Recent tests of the air in closed cars traveling along the highways show that more than one half contained carbon monoxide gas. Dangerous amounts of the gas were present in over seven per cent.

Horseradish is native to Eastern Europe. It was widely used by the Germans of the Middle Ages.

The nearest star is about 25,500,000,000,000 miles away.

In the process of hardening, cement generates heat.

Lead-sheathed electric resistance cables imbedded in the concrete sidewalk or driveway helps to solve snow-shoveling problems. Turning on the switch heats the concrete to temperatures above freezing. The snow or ice then melts.

Good clear daylight is thirty-two per cent green and thirty-six per cent blue.

Ninty-nine per cent of America's sulphur comes from Texas.

About 90 per cent of the electricity used by an electric light is lost in heat.

About 80 per cent of adults are immune to infantile paralysis.

At times the surface of the Nile river is so solidly covered with vines, bamboo, reeds, and other debris that elephants and rhinoceroses can cross over from shore to shore.

Counties in the United States vary in area from 25 to 20,000 square miles.

There are 60,000 lakes in Finland.

The salt present in the oceans would form a pyramid of 300 miles at the base and 250 miles in height.

The red racer—the fastest American snake—can travel only 3.6 miles per hour.

There are people who cannot distinguish a sweet from a sour taste.

Smokers bought about 130 billion cigarettes during the past year.

Eucalyptus trees in Australia sometimes reach a height of 480 feet.

Sulphur black is the most commonly used dye.

Snowshoes originated in Asia; they are not an Indian invention.

For normal growth, the water requirement of most plants is three to six hundred times their weight after they are dry.

Buttermilk and skim milk have about the same food value.

The greater number of deaths from electric shock in summer is attributable to the moistness of the skin during the hot season.

Special taxes cost the average automobile driver \$50 annually.

In one year the roots of the alfalfa plants frequently reach a depth of six feet; in two years, twelve feet; older plants have been found with roots of twenty feet or more.

Each year it takes something like 115,000,000 hogs, cattle, sheep, and calves to supply fewer than 130,000,000 people with meat.

There are only 9,152,200 miles of highway on the earth, of which one-third is with the United States.

The four cables which will support the weight of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge will each be twenty-seven inches in diameter and will contain 17,464 individual wires.

The gum used on the back of stamps is not glue but tapioca starch.

The heat given off by the carbon arc light exceeds that of the surface of the sun.

It takes a pull of about eight pounds to break a horsehair.

More colds are contracted in October than in any other month.

The annual per capita consumption of cheese in the United States is 4.39 pounds; in England it is twice as much, and in Switzerland, four times.

One and a half acres of farm land are required to provide an adequate diet for each person.

Query Corner

The Christians of Ethiopia are said to belong to the Coptic Church. What is this Coptic Church in Ethiopia?

"Copt" is a name derived from "Egypt". The Coptic Church is the Egyptian Church or the Church of Alexandria, which broke away from the Mother Church of Rome in the fifth century, became a national schismatic church, and later fell into the Monophysite heresy, which denies that Christ has both a divine and a human nature. Ethiopia followed the footsteps of Egypt, revolted against the Catholic Church, and united with the Coptic sect of Egypt. Today the vast majority of Ethiopians belong to the Coptic Church; they have a hierarchy dependent upon the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria, an observance which intermingles Jewish and even pagan practices with the Christian, and a special liturgical rite, called the Ethiopian rite to distinguish it from the Egyptian Coptic rite. Since the sixteenth century, however, many Ethiopians have returned to the Catholic Church, although by special permission they still retain their own Ethiopic liturgy. These Catholic Ethiopians are commonly known as Uniates, to express their adherence to the Church of Rome.

Does one gain the same blessings and indulgences by wearing the scapular medal instead of cloth scapulars?

Yes, one scapular medal, bearing the images of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin and properly blessed, may take the place of several cloth scapulars, entitling the wearer to the same indulgences, provided the requirements for these various scapulars have been fulfilled. The scapular medal, however, does not take the place of certain Third Order scapulars which must necessarily be made of cloth.

What is meant by a rite? How many different rites are now practiced in the Catholic Church?

In general a rite means the form or manner of performing any religious function. It is used to describe any particular approved ceremony, for example, the rite of blessing candles. Or it may designate the whole complex of liturgical practices obtaining in any church or group of churches. In the latter sense, also the more common usage, rite may be defined as the special manner of carrying out the liturgy in a given church. It should be kept in mind that difference in rites does not imply any difference in faith, for all rites approved by the Church are based on the same fundamental doctrines and differ only in their unessential structure. All existing rites approved by the Church can be classed in four groups: 1. the Antiochene, which comprises the Chaldean, Byzantine, Armenian, and modified Antiochene rites; 2. The Alexandrian, which includes the Coptic and Ethiopic rites; 3. the Gallican, which embraces only the Ambrosian and Mozarabic rites (these are now limited to only a few churches in Italy and Spain); 4. The Roman rite, which is by far the most common, being used almost exclusively in western Europe, America, and all recently converted countries.

Is Father Coughlin regarded as the official spokesman of the Catholic Church on the social question?

Father Coughlin has the permission and approval of his bishop to speak on social matters. Since he has no further delegation from ecclesiastical authorities, he cannot be called an official spokesman any more than the ordinary priest who has the permission of his bishop to speak in public. That Father Coughlin does teach the fundamental doctrines of the Church on social justice is undoubtedly true; but it is equally certain that many of his utterances are his own personal views, not the official doctrines of the Church. Father Coughlin himself does not claim to speak as an official repre-

sentative of the Catholic Church, but rather as an American citizen who has the right to interest himself and others in the welfare of his country.

The virgin-birth of Christ seems to cast a reflection on the marriage state and its principal function of propagating the human race. Why was not Christ born of a human father as well as a human mother?

Marriage was instituted by God Himself and raised to the dignity of a sacrament. And God does not contradict Himself or cast reflections on His own work. The extraordinary birth of Christ was decreed by God, not to cast reflection on the ordinary mode of human birth, but to show forth the greatness and dignity of Christ, the God Man. Since Christ had a Father already; namely, God the Father, he needed no human father, nor could the dignity of divine fatherhood be transferred to a human being. Furthermore, all men who are born of Adam in the natural manner are liable to original sin. But Christ, Who is God, was immune even from the remotest liability to sin. Hence He was born of Adam's race, not in the natural manner, but in a unique and supernatural manner, being conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin mother.

Where does the name "Catholic" come from, and when was it first used?

"Catholic" is a Greek word meaning universal or world-wide. Universality or catholicity is one of the four marks of the true Church. The first reference to the Church of Christ as the Catholic Church is found in the writings of St. Ignatius (50—107 A. D.), the successor of St. Peter as Bishop of Antioch.

Why is the child labor law opposed by the Catholic Church?

Before asking "why," let us first ask: "Is the Catholic Church opposed to the child labor law?" and "To what child labor law is she opposed?" Is the Catholic Church opposed to just legislation which protects the child from exploitation by employers? In the face of facts any answer but an absolute "No" would be absurd. The first child labor law passed in modern times, the French law of 1841, was effected to a great measure by Catholic efforts. All the great Catholic social leaders, especially Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, have been uncompromising in their defense of children against unjust exploitation. But just what child labor law is the Catholic Church supposed to oppose? Probably the question refers to the proposed child labor amendment to the constitution, which reads as follows: "Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." As the proposed law stands, it offers good grounds for opposition. But first let it be remarked that the Catholic Church as such does not officially oppose the amendment; the opposition in the Catholic camp comes from Catholic leaders and writers, acting individually or conjointly, who clearly foresee that, while the proposed amendment was no doubt well intended and may effect the desired protection of children against economic exploitation, nevertheless as it stands it is a covert infringement of the child's rights and the parents' rights, an assumption by the state of rights and liberties which belong fundamentally to the family and the individual, a legal loop-hole by which Communism, Socialism, or any other radical element might gain control of the child for its own evil purposes, as has been done in Russia and Mexico. If Catholic leaders oppose a measure of this kind, it is not because they are opposed to the good to be attained, but because the measure violates some fundamental right guaranteed by God Himself.

Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

—This year we are having an old-fashioned winter with snow and ice and frigid blasts that make the home fires both attractive and pleasant. While the government thermometer may have registered as low as 15 below zero on one occasion, some of the local thermometers showed nearly double that figure.

—On Monday, January 13th, the students of both Major and Minor Seminaries made their annual pilgrimage to Our Lady's Shrine on Monte Cassino in fulfillment of the vow of long ago. Each department had its own High Mass.

—The 18th of January marked the departure of Father William Walker for Jasper, where he has become the third assistant priest at St. Joseph's Church. Fathers Roman and Urban are his companions; Father Basil is pastor. The Jasper parish has about 700 children in the grade school. Father Hilary DeJean has succeeded Father William as pastor "excurrando" of the little parish of New Boston, to which he makes excursions on Sunday mornings.

—Recently there was placed in the community reading room a perpetual calendar of simple design that had been evolved by Father Eberhard Olinger, professor of moral theology and liturgy in the Seminary. By the slight turn of a dial one can find at a glance without computation the date of any day of the week from the year one of the Christian era down to the present day and also down into the future. Up to October 5, 1582, the Julian calendar is followed, thereafter, the Gregorian calendar.

—Father Dunstan McAndrews, who is teaching Latin, English, and American History in the Minor Seminary, attended the graduation exercises of DePaul University in Chicago on the evening of January 31st when the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by the university.

—To the delight of both student and professor the midyear examinations terminated on February 1st. In the Major Seminary three days were devoted to the oral examinations. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph E. Hamill, Ph. D., pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New Albany, and the Rev. Pierre Brisse, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, near New Albany, were present for the examination of the students for the diocese of Indianapolis.

—On the feast of the Purification of Our Blessed Lady Father Abbot blessed the year's supply of candles for the Holy Sacrifice. After the procession, which followed the blessing, Father Prior Benedict celebrated the Solemn High Mass.

—Whether the innocent little ground hog ventured out of his burrow on February 2nd, and saw his shadow, we can not say. However, it is evident that the weather man still has an ample supply of winter in store.

—The four retreats that were going on simultaneously came to a close on February 7th. All attended daily Vespers, which were sung by the monks in the Abbey

Church. Compline, the night prayer of the Church, was sung each evening at 7 o'clock conjointly by the monks and the seminarians. After Vespers on Friday there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, renewal of vows, Benediction, and the singing of the *Te Deum* in Gregorian chant alternately by monks and seminarians.

—After Vespers on Saturday, February 8th, Father Abbot gave the tonsure to four clerics of the Abbey: Fraters Frederic Walsh, Wilfrid Popham, Paschal Boland, and Sebastian Crow. On the following morning at five o'clock Mass these same four clerics received the two first minor orders of ostiary and lector. At this same Mass the minor orders of exorcist and acolyte were conferred on Fraters Raymond Hubers, Joachim Walsh, Philip Seib, and Michael Keene.

—The Rev. Albert Zemp, class of '98, was recently appointed chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital, Creighton Memorial, at Omaha. This large hospital, which stands on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, is conducted by Franciscan Sisters whose mother house is at Lafayette, Indiana. The hospital has accommodations for 420 patients. Fifty sisters, 122 nurses, and 80 doctors take care of the sick.

—We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the Rev. Dom Hugh Bévenot, O. S. B., who died at Jerusalem on January 2nd, and of Miss Henriette Eugénie Delamare, whose death occurred at Pasadena, California, about the middle of January.

Miss Delamare, who was born in France, but who had spent most of her life on this side of the Atlantic, was a music teacher in California. Having ability also to write, she contributed stories to numerous magazines among which was *THE GRAIL*. She was likewise the author of several volumes of stories. Having the expansion of the kingdom of God at hand, she gave generously of her meager earnings to the missions both at home and abroad.

According to information received from abroad, Father Hugh Bévenot, O. S. B., died of influenza at the close of his 45th year at Dormition Abbey on Mt. Sion in the holy city of Jerusalem after an illness of only two days' duration. Father Hugh was born in England, if we mistake not, January 17, 1891. He was a graduate of the University of Birmingham, where his father was one of the professors. Feeling called to the Order of St. Benedict, he entered Erdington Abbey, where he was professed on December 29, 1914. After completing his course in theology at Oscott, the diocesan seminary of Birmingham, he was ordained to the priesthood on September 18, 1920. When, by force of circumstances after the World War, the Erdington community was compelled to leave English soil, Father Hugh accompanied his brethren to Weingarten in Württemberg, Germany, to inhabit and to resurrect the ancient abbey that had been confiscated by the state more than a century previous. During the past two

years he had been pursuing biblical studies at Jerusalem. Several years ago he published in the German language a commentary on the Machabees. Of late he was engaged in contributing to the Westminster edition of the Scriptures the text of two minor Prophets. Among the relatives of the deceased who mourn his loss are two priest brothers: Father Laurence, O. S. B., a monk of Ampleforth Abbey, and Father Bevenot, S. J., an English Jesuit, also a sister who is a nun in Brussels. Many of our readers will recall that in years past Father Hugh contributed considerable poetry and a number of essays to THE GRAIL.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

Have You Written Mother?

Pray may I ask you, worthy lad,
Whose smile no care can smother,
Though busy life throbs roundabout,
Have you written home to mother?

You are forgetting, aren't you, quite,
How fast the weeks are flying;
And that a little blotted sheet
Unanswered still is lying?

Don't you remember how she stood
With wistful glance at parting?
Don't you remember how the tears
Were in her soft eyes starting?

Have you forgotten how her arm
Stole round you to caress you?
Have you forgotten those low words:
"Good-by, my son, God bless you?"

Oh! do not wrong her patient love,
Save God's, there is no other
So faithful through all mists of sin;
Fear not to write to mother.

Tell her how hard it is to walk,
As walked the Master, lowly;
Tell her how hard it is to keep
A man's life pure and holy.

Tell her to keep the lamp of prayer
A light, a beacon burning,
Whose beams shall reach you far away,
Shall lure your soul returning.

Tell her you love her dearly still,
For fear some sad to-morrow
Shall bear away the listening soul,
And leave you lost in sorrow;

And then through bitter, falling tears
And sighs you may not smother,
You will remember when too late
You did not write to mother.

—Jane Ronaldson.

"How did you like the party, Jackie?"
"Awful! You said I could eat as much as I liked,
and I couldn't."

Extract from a Missionary's Letter

St. Michael Indian Mission

St. Michael, North Dakota, January 9, 1936

Santa Claus was quite good to the Mission this year. He gave us plenty of ice, snow, cold, and an old-style blizzard. Of course, there was bright-colored candy and some presents for the children and even the Missionary received a box of cigars; all were happy.

Last Sunday I had one of the experiences which are to be expected here during the winter months. After a 7 o'clock Mass at the Mission I planned for an 11 o'clock Mass at the East End. It was only 15 below zero, but the roads were reported open, and so Brother Vital and I headed out. All went well until within a few miles of Mrs. Green's home. There I mired in a snowdrift and, although we shoveled snow until blue in the face, we finally humbly had to admit we were stuck. Through the dense haze I could see Mr. People's cabin, and trudged a quarter of a mile through snow knee-deep to bargain for his help. He comes with his ponies, and, after much snorting and prancing, the team pulls the car clear. On account of heavy drifts and deep snow the rest of the two miles was impassable by car. The Indian agrees to take us on his sled. This was a sort of open-air affair—just four boards on the runners.

Piling the grip with the vestments, etc., and the portable altar on, together with the rest of the Indian family, and followed by all six dogs, away we went in Pullman style and comfort. A sharp, cutting wind seemed to come from all four directions at the same time; there was just no avoiding it. One dared not even smile for fear of cracking the skin on the face. At 12:30 P. M., instead of 11:00 A. M., I began Mass. Mrs. Green had given us up and had begun the preparation of her dinner. Amid the aroma of boiling potatoes and plenty of smoke the Indians fulfilled their Sunday obligations. Another exhilarating sleigh ride back to the car. This was chilled to the bone and required some gentle persuasion and coaxing to get it started. The poor thing had caught a cold and was coughing and barking all the way back. Two cylinders were entirely out of commission; it required a day in the hospital for valve replacement and treatment. Without a bite to eat or drink I was fully ready for breakfast at 2:30 P. M. A fifty-year-old Missionary is supposed to be able to stand such treatment, but with steel and iron we must be more considerate.

During the winter months we can always expect such occurrences; while not serious, the fact always remains, they could be worse.

The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

St. Joseph, Model of Fathers

When St. Joseph trod the earth, he was known as a simple carpenter, and a not very rich one. Indeed, he would often labor several days on a cradle, table, or other piece of cabinet work, to say nothing of building houses, and receive but a few cents for the work; often too, the persons for whom he worked, would forget to pay him. But he never complained, never asked for his money; he always waited until they were ready to pay him.

We, in our day, would decry such humility; indeed, we would become highly incensed, did our employers refuse to pay us for our work, and we would not fail to tell him about it. Yet, Jesus and Mother Mary never complained, and they made the most of what they had, which was extremely little. Jesus had come to earth to teach us to despise worldly goods, and therefore, in that holy household, they were accounted as very little. Their needs were simple; a little bread, a little fruit, and water to drink. Mary spun the linen and wool for their clothing, and wove rush matting for the floor of their little home. Jesus gathered the shavings and sticks that remained after Joseph cut and sawed and planed the articles he made, and this they used as fuel. If it was not sufficient, there was always firewood to be picked up in the woods, beneath the trees.

It was to serve a special purpose that our Lord made St. Joseph to be thus obscure in station; even His own honor was to be obscure upon earth. Only a chosen few, the shepherd, the Magi, St. Elizabeth, St. Simeon, the infant St. John, recognized in Jesus the promised Messiah. But St. Joseph was not worried about honor and fame and riches; he cared more to live a blameless life, and to discharge his duties faithfully to God and his little family. His meekness and humility and love might well be imitated by all earthly fathers.

The Art of Cake Making

There are several classes of cakes; butter cakes, muffins, plain cakes, rich cakes, pound cakes, sponge cakes and fruit cakes. Nearly all the cakes of the sweet variety are made with the same ingredients, the only difference being the proportion used. The butter cakes, of course, are made with butter and are usually very rich; muffin batter is not so rich, containing 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, about 3 tablespoons shortening, (not necessarily butter) 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and 1 cup milk. In a richer cake, the ingre-

dients are usually doubled, although care must be taken, when increasing amounts, that a correct balance is maintained. For instance, each cup of flour calls for a teaspoon of baking powder as a rule, although there are exceptions to this; again, if more eggs are used, not so much milk is needed.

It is because of the effects of the different ingredients that we have so many cake recipes, despite the fact that the basic ingredients are always the same. Plain cake is much like the muffin recipe, while the old pound cake recipe calls for a pound of each ingredient; but there is no liquid in this recipe, and no baking powder or soda. It depends for its leavening upon the thorough beating of the eggs before being added to the batter, and beating the batter itself.

Fruit cake is merely pound cake with fruits, nuts and spices added, although these extra ingredients make the cake very heavy, since the fruits and nuts do not permit the dough to rise. Some modern recipes, however, have added baking powder without injury to the original recipe, and with beneficial results for one's digestive apparatus.

Sponge cakes do not have any fat in their make-up, and are leavened with a little acid, such as cream of tartar. They are essentially meringues with flour added. The only ingredients are eggs, sugar and flour. Angel food cake takes more sugar, and eight to ten egg whites.

The War on Pernicious Books

In the Epistle to the Ephesians on the third Sunday of Lent, we read the Apostle's exhortation to the faithful to walk as children of God, "and let," he says, "fornication and uncleanness and filthiness not even be named among you, as it becometh saints."

We hear these Epistles and Gospels read to us year after year, and to many of us they have perhaps become "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals". Certain it is, that if these holy lessons were carefully listened to and followed, many abuses which are going on around us, would die a natural death, because there would be no one to keep them flourishing.

For instance, let us take the modern Lending Library, which has become an institution among us. Every drug store, delicatessen, candy and ice cream store boasts its open-shelf bookcase, containing volume upon volume of brightly colored books, with still gaudier wrappers, with intriguing titles, luring all and sundry to read. Sometimes the titles hide what is behind the covers; more often than not, however, the cleverly named volumes make a play for the base streak within us, and



many are tempted to look within the pages. What is so boldly flaunted there often causes the prospective reader to close the book decisively, and hand his dime over the counter. He then takes the book home for several guilty hours of questionable enjoyment.

So silently and perniciously have these unworthy volumes crept among us, unheralded and unreprieved, that even Catholics are lured to read them. The wave of obscene literature that has swept over our country is being fought by our U. S. Postal Inspectors. Existing laws seem to cover only such literature as is sent in the mails, but something ought surely to be done about the books which are flaunted openly on these store shelves. Catholics should absolutely abstain from reading them, since most of them cannot be perused without sin.

Early American Silverware

A great many persons make a hobby of collecting antique silver pieces; often these may be purchased very cheaply from persons who have had them stored in attics or cellars, tarnished and mildewed; all unaware of their great value. Most Colonial silverware was presumably made out of coins, hence the name "coin silver"; the denomination of coin was usually Spanish dollars. For a long period, rents in old Philadelphia were payable in Spanish milled dollars, so that fact indicates the prevalence of that type of currency; as no silver was mined in America at that period, silver dollars were melted down and used to make dishes, vessels, cups, flagons, tea kettels, spoons, etc.

Some New York silversmiths stamped their work with the letters "C" or "D", meaning "Dollar" or "Coin". As the purity of silver used in making different kinds of ware was sometimes questioned, certain states passed laws requiring that silver plates so marked, must be 900 parts fine. "Sterling" silver indicates that such silver is 925 parts fine, and this was the English standard. American silversmiths began using the "Sterling" mark on their wares from about 1865 on. However, such strict supervision was not necessary in the old days, when substitution and adulteration were unknown, and all manufacturers were honest.

Around 1690, the various kinds of silver pieces were not very numerous, while forks were almost entirely unknown. Diners usually ate with spoons and knives, from pewter plates, called "trenchers", and helped themselves from a common dish in the center of the table. Today we enjoy the use of a wide variety of forms of silver utensils, and even the poorer households can have plated silver. We owe this convenience and accessibility to large-scale factory production, while in early times, each piece had to be made by hand, by the master and his apprentices, which never numbered as many employees as our modern factories.

Things to know about a House

Where the roof slants, flashings about the chimneys, dormers, angles and valleys are very important; sometimes they are made of the roofing shingles themselves, that is, if they are of asphalt or copper, but copper is by far the best material for this purpose. Some builders,

in order to save on the initial cost, utilize galvanized iron for flashings, but the average life of this material, after constant exposure to sun, wind, rain, snow, and above all, smoke and soot, which have a corroding effect, is six, or at most, eight years. If the flashings are painted every year, they may last a little longer. But copper will last as long as the building, and save many a leak.

What is true of flashings, is also true of gutters and downspouts; countless flats and residences are equipped with the galvanized type of roof drains, and what is spent in replacing these cheaper types every six or eight years, might well be saved by utilizing those made of copper in the beginning. Some houses have been discovered with copper gutters and downspouts as far as a hundred years back; in fact, one of these had the date embossed upon it—1785, and they were still as good as the day they were put in. If copper gutters and spouts are varnished every year or so, they will not turn green, or make green stains on stones and concrete.

Statistics show that rust costs the home-owners of the U. S. \$575,000,000 a year, or five times as much as fire losses. Poor flashing material and bad gutters cost more than just their replacement; often, before the cause is discovered, walls are soaked, plaster and wallpaper ruined, and tuck-pointing impaired on the outside. All of these things must then be repaired after the new spouts and flashings have been put in. Therefore, it would seem to be the wiser economy to spend the small extra money for the copper article, and save future trouble.

Household Hints

If crocheted lace must be cut, fold over each cut end about a quarter of an inch, and run machine stitch up and down three or four times, loosening the stitch, so the lace will not pucker.

If candle wax runs down on silver or brass candlesticks, never scrape it off with a knife and run the risk of scratching them; plunge them into boiling water and melt the wax off.

When brass articles become tarnished, place them in a pan with 1 tablespoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar; cover with water and boil 15 minutes. Then polish with brass cleaner, and apply a lacquer.

Recipes

BUTTER CAKES: Beat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter to a cream and add slowly 1 cup sugar, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, and beat five minutes. Add 1 teaspoon water and beat three minutes longer. Add 1- $\frac{1}{3}$ cups sifted flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder, and add to the batter alternately with the stiffly whipped egg whites. Beat until smooth and bake in greased gem pans in a moderate oven.

GRAPEFRUIT PIE: In a double boiler, place $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grapefruit juice, 1 teaspoon grated rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, separated, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornstarch. Stir over fire until thick and smooth. Line pie pan with paste and dry in oven five minutes; then pour in custard and bake fifteen minutes more in moderate oven. Then cover with meringue and brown nicely.

Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

Special Delivery

The McCoy home was situated about a mile on the other side of the little town of Carol. The snow-covered roof of the large attractive farmhouse could be seen above the pine trees that surrounded it. The smoke that curled from the big red chimney seemed to tell of the coziness from whence it came.

The family was grouped about the kitchen table eating their evening meal and discussing the events of the day.

"Did you get the feeding done, Mel?" asked Mr. McCoy, addressing his eighteen year old son.

"Yes, Dad, everything is finished," replied Mel assuredly.

"Tim, we received a letter from Rosemary today," said Mrs. McCoy to her husband as she pulled Nancy's high-chair closer to the table.

"What did she say, Mom?" eagerly asked the twins.

"How is nurses' training?" joined Mr. McCoy.

"She is getting along fine; after graduation she is to take private duty, nursing under Doctor Canby. She says she is sure of helping Mel through Medical College."

"Whee, she certainly is a sport! And Peg," cheerfully continued Mel, "You can be my office girl."

"What air ye going to do, Pat and Mike?" asked Grandma McCoy addressing the twins.

"I'm going to be an undertaker and Mike will be the corpse," joked Pat.

"Oh yeah! want to lay me out, I guess," said Mike.

"Dad, tell us about the Civil Service examination you took today," entreated Peg.

ST. ANN SUMMER COLONY

in southern Wisconsin for girls from four to fourteen. Trained workers. Water sports, tennis, languages, dramatics. Rates \$11.00 per week. A happy interesting home center. Enrollment limited. Address Mrs. Idamay Fallon, secretary, 4701 West Maypole Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

"It was pretty hard but I hope that I made it. If I get the office as Postmaster it will put us back on our feet again. It will also mean that you children can continue at St. Joseph's school."

"Let's begin a Novena to St. Joseph," suggested Grandma. "If we begin tonight it will end on his feast."

"Say, Pat," whispered Mike, "got an extra pair of knee pads?"

"Please, include my special intention," said Pat.

"Mine too," echoed his twin.

That evening after the recitation of the Rosary and the Litany the Novena prayers were said. Then the children made their way to bed.

Mike was told to lock the kitchen door. After he got upstairs with his hot brick he was surprised to find that Pat was not there. He carefully placed the padded brick in bed and quickly undressed. As he did so, he heard Mr. and Mrs. McCoy and Pat downstairs talking in a low tone.

"Now what's up?" he thought. "They sound serious too! Funny that Pat didn't say anything."

About a half hour later Pat came into the room softly humming to himself.

Mike was surprised, and, as he rolled over, said, "Say, what's wrong with you?"

"Did you say something, sweetheart?" joked Pat as he pinched Mike's nose.

"Are you 'batty' or just naturally crazy?" asked his twin.

"Just roll over and let your 'Pap' get his beauty sleep," said Pat as he crawled into bed. A few minutes later he turned over and drew himself closer to his brother.

"Mike," he whispered.

"Yea," came the eager reply.

"I want to be a priest," said Pat slowly.

"Pat!" It was all Mike could say. He was too surprised.

"Yes," said Pat enthusiastically, "and I get to go to St. Meinrad in September if Dad gets that position. He said he would at least have enough to make a priest out of one of his boys."

Mom and Dad are grand! It's going to be a big sacrifice for them though."

"Then you don't think there would be a chance for—"

"For what, Mike?"

"Oh," said Mike hesitatingly, "perhaps I could be your janitor or something; that, doesn't cost anything does it?"

Pat laughed. "You're just as good as hired. Say, what's your special about, Mike?"

"Oh, I forgot I had one. In fact, I don't think I ever had any. Are the others to know about your plans?" asked Mike only too glad for an opportunity to change the subject.

"No, not until Dad hears about his exams. That will probably be about two or three weeks at the latest."

"Mike did you forget to lock the kitchen door?" asked Pat.

"No. I just hung a sign on the door saying the ice-box was empty."

Nine days later on the feast of St. Joseph the same happy group were gathered around the supper table. Mr. McCoy had just received a Special Delivery from the government. They were anxiously waiting for him to read them the news.

"I made the examination," said Mr. McCoy enthusiastically, "and the letter states that I am to begin work on March 21."

After the rejoicing was somewhat abated, Mr. McCoy said, "Now I think Pat has something to say."

Pat's face beamed as he said, "I'm going to St. Meinrad in September."

The children held their breath in happy surprise, for they knew immediately what he meant. Finally Peg said, "Mike, what are you going to do without Pat?"

"Oh, I'll be his congregation," laughed Mike.

But Grandma McCoy was not to be fooled. She gently laid her hand on his arm and said, "Mike, me boy, don't ye worry. I'm shure I've got enough sewed up in me ould feather-tick to make a priest out of ye, too."

It was Mike's time to be surprised. The twins' eyes met and Pat said, "Shake," Their hands gripped.

Little six year old Sue stood between them and said excitedly: "Say, can I be your house-keeper?"

CHURCH GOT A BARGAIN

An artist was employed to renovate and retouch some oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, and on presenting his composite bill for \$39.48, was informed that an itemized statement was required. So the following was duly represented.

For correcting the Ten Commandments	\$ 3.06
For touching up Purgatory and restoring the lost souls	5.12
For brightening up the flames of Hell, and putting a new tail on the Devil,—odd jobs	7.17
For putting a new stone in David's sling and arranging Goliath's head	6.13
For mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his ears	3.39
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
For mending the roof of Noah's ark and putting a new head on Sem	4.31
Total	\$39.48

CHARACTER BUILDING

Oh, boys and girls make merry in play,
You are girls and boys just for today,
At the dawn of tomorrow you'll take your stand
With the grown men and women of the land.

The house each shall live in, you've built day by day,
'Twill stand firm as rock or crumble away,
Inasmuch as you have planned it with patience and prayer

Nor forgotten to lay your foundation with care.

In whatever conditions your lives may be cast,
From present beginning, to the very last,
May each say within himself, "I will be true!"
These are the things I'm wishing for you.

DOROTHY'S MITE BOX

Before I got my Mite Box
I was just a stingy tot,
All my pennies went for candy,
And I'd cry for things a lot.

My school books would be wasted
I'd scribble and I'd blot,
And leave my food untasted
Not good enough for Dot.

But now I've got my Mite Box
There's a good deed done each day,
Though it may be but a penny
That is safely put away.

I am really, truly Miss'ner,
And I'm happier a lot,
And my Mite Box full of pennies
Is the nicest thing I've got.

The Young Witness

Betty was a freshman in high school and was very proud to march in and out with so many dignified superior-looking students. Betty was only twelve, which isn't very old, and, although she was bright and clever, she had to work hard to get her lessons.

She was sitting in the big chair before the fireplace reading aloud:

"When a person commits an offence against the law, —such as murder, robbery or setting fire to a house, he is tried for it before a court of justice, and punished if found guilty. A magistrate called a judge presides at a trial. The person to be tried is called the prisoner, or the defendant. A jury of twelve men hear the case, and decide whether he is guilty or not."

Betty yawned and looked out of the window. This lesson in Civics was dry as a bone. She almost wished she were still in the grades. But she just had to get this or else run a risk of getting a "C" in her test. She shook herself and drew a deep breath and started in again:

"The case is managed on behalf of the government by a lawyer, who is called the attorney general, or the prosecuting attorney. The prisoner is defended by another lawyer, who is called his counsel. In important cases two or more lawyers are sometimes employed on each side."

Betty yawned again. Uninteresting stuff, she thought. You just had to make yourself read. Nothing enjoyable about it. She looked at the clock. Almost eight, and she wanted to read a story before she went to bed. The tiniest suggestion of a frown puckered her brow. She began again in a loud tone; so loud she did not hear the outer door open:

"Witnesses are examined at a trial. They testify under oath; that is, before they tell what they saw or know, they are obliged to take an oath that they will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If a witness states what is not true, his offence is called perjury, and it is severely punished. It is also a sin against God.

"Very young children cannot be witnesses, because they cannot understand what an oath means. Sometimes a child is called upon as a witness, if he or she understands the meaning of an oath. The judge must decide whether or not the witness is eligible."

Betty finished almost savagely and slammed the book down upon the library table. A slight cough caused her to look up, and there in the door stood her father with an amused smile.

"I thought I had made a mistake and had entered the court room and was listening to the judge making an explanation. Why the frown?"

Betty grinned. "I just hate this old lesson. It's so dull, and I can't get it through my head."

"Well, that does sound like it was almost beyond the comprehension of a little girl, but it reminds me of a story that was in the Fourth Reader I read when I was a boy. I have it right here in the library. Want me to read it to you?"

Betty did, of course. She always liked to hear Daddy

read, so she settled back comfortably, one elbow resting on the arm of the chair and her chin cupped in her hand.

Daddy stretched out on the davenport and read in his clear smooth tones:

Once at a trial in the state of New York, a little girl nine years of age was brought in as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed in her father's house.

"Now Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, "I want to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel addressing the judge, "it is obvious that this witness must be rejected, because she does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind answer and tone of the judge, the child stepped forward, looking confidently into his face.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The child stepped back with a look of horror, and blushing deeply, answered, "No, sir!" She thought he meant to ask her if she had ever used profane language.

"I do not mean that," said the judge. "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I was never in court before."

He handed her an open Bible. "Do you know that book?"

"Yes, sir. It is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is God's holy word," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon the Bible and repeat after me these words." The judge then repeated the words of the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn in as a witness. What will happen to you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge.

Emily took the Bible and turned to the chapter containing the ten commandments, and pointed out to him, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir. My mother heard they wanted me to be called as a witness and she asked me to tell her the ten commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was for me to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth. And when I came up here with mother she told me to remember the commandment and that God would

hear everything that I said."

"God bless you, my child," said the judge. "You have a good mother. This witness is competent," he added. "Were I on trial for my life and innocent of the charges against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

The child told her story in a simple way, but with a directness that made everyone who heard her believe she was telling the truth. The lawyers on both sides asked her many questions, but she never varied from the first statement she had made. Some of the witnesses for the prisoner had sworn falsely, but the truth of the little girl prevailed against their untruth. The jury believed her, and the prisoner was convicted mainly on the strength of what she testified.

Betty sat motionless as if lost in a reverie.

"How did you like that story, Betty?" Daddy asked.

"Oh, that was so interesting." Betty's eyes shone.

"I understand now what an oath is, and I can remember my lesson better, too. Why, I felt as if I were right in the room with Emily and listening to those lawyers ask her questions. I was all excitement!"

Daddy laughed. "I always enjoyed that story, too, and I still like to read it."

"Thanks ever so much, Daddy. I'll do something for you some day."

"You do things for Daddy every day, Betty, by being his sweet little daughter. Now if you'll bring me the paper I'll see what's new under the NRA, and you can turn on the radio for it is just about time to get President Roosevelt's speech."

"All right," Betty answered, as she handed Daddy the paper from the table, and going to the radio she turned the dial slowly.

"Sh! there he is now." And again she curled up in the big chair to listen.

Historical Calendar

March 1, 1897—Japan adopted a gold standard of money.

1913—President Taft presented Capt. A. H. Rostron, of the "Carpathia," a gold medal awarded him by Congress for heroism in rescue of Titanic passengers.

March 2, 1864—General Grant made Lieut.-General, the highest Army rank.

1867—United States Bureau of Education was established. Sam Houston Memorial Day.

March 3, 1815—War was declared between United States and Algiers.

1849—Department of the Interior was established at Washington.

1889—George Dewey, hero of the Battle of Manila Bay, made Admiral of the United States Navy.

March 4, 1789—First Congress of the United States assembled at New York, with John Adams presiding.

1843—Congress granted \$30,000 to Morse for the invention of the telegraph.

March 5, 1770—The Boston Massacre, first blood spilled in revolt of American colonies.

1868—Impeachment Court convened to try President Andrew Johnson.

March 6, 1836—American force wiped out by the Mexicans in the battle of the Alamo.

1912—Italian army used dirigible balloons for the first time in actual warfare.

March 7, 1850—Daniel Webster delivered his famous speech in the Senate against secession.

1898—A bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for national defense introduced; passed the House March 8, and the Senate, March 9.

March 8, 1814—Wellington defeated the French and entered Bordeaux, France.

1855—Niagara suspension bridge was opened to the public.

March 9, 1916—Fifteen hundred Mexican brigands under Villa, crossed the border. About 100 of the bandits killed by pursuing U. S. troops. President Wilson ordered Gen. Funston to the pursuit of Villa.

March 10, 1797—The city of Albany made the capital of the state of New York.

1915—Rear Admirals Fletcher, Howard and Cowles, U. S. N., raised to rank of Admiral.

March 11, 1888—Four hundred lives lost in blizzard on east coast of the United States.

1900—Lord Salisbury rejected the peace overtures of the Boers.

March 12, 1833—United States pension bureau was established.

1898—The battleship Oregon sailed from San Francisco to join the Atlantic squadron, in mobilization of the United States naval forces for the Spanish war.

March 13, 1493—Columbus reached Spain with report of his discovery of America.

1884—Present system of standard time was adopted in the U. S.

March 14, 1794—Patent for cotton gin was granted to Eli Whitney.

1912—Attempt on life of King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, by an anarchist.

March 15, 1915—"Universal City," California's unique movie town opened near Los Angeles.

1916—Two American columns, under Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing and Col. Dodd,

- entered Mexico from Columbus and Hachita.
- 1917—Czar of Russia abdicated.
- March 16, 1802—Establishment of the United States Military Academy at West Point.
- 1915—Federal trade commission was organized at Washington.
- March 17, 1776—British troops evacuated Boston, and Washington entered city.
- 1866—Reciprocity treaty between Canada and the U. S. terminated: lasted eleven years.
- St. Patrick's Day.
- March 18, 1891—First telephonic conversation by submarine cable, between London and Paris, between President Carnot and the Prince of Wales (later King Edward).
- 1913—Dedication of Grover Cleveland's birthplace at Caldwell, N. J., as memorial.
- March 19, 1886—Geronimo and his band surrendered in Arizona.
- 1913—Constantine was proclaimed King of Greece, following assassination of father.
- March 20, 1792—The guillotine was adopted for capital punishment by the French Government.
- 1840—Louis Napoleon became president of the French Republic.
- March 21, 1512—Ponce de Leon landed on Florida soil in search of the "Fountain of perpetual youth."
- 1788—Seven-eighths of city of New Orleans destroyed by fire.
- First Day of Spring.
- March 22, 1765—Stamp act passed by British parliament and signed by King George III. This law was the main cause of the American War for Independence.
- 1865—Sherman completed his famous march to the sea.
- March 23, 1815—American sloop Hornet captured British brig Pequin, ending the War of 1812.
- 1903—United States Senate ratified treaty between the United States and Columbia for the construction of the Panama Canal.
- March 24, 1638—Rhode Island purchased from the Indians for forty fathoms of beads.
- 1783—Spain acknowledged the independence of the United States.
- March 25, 1609—Hendrick Hudson sailed from Amsterdam, Holland, on his famous journey of exploration up the Hudson River.
- 1913—Great flood in Ohio and Indiana; Dayton was severely damaged.
- Maryland Day.
- March 26, 1799—French and Austrians fought the famous battle of Verona, in which the

losses on both sides were so great that both armies withdrew.

- 1874—The first interstate commerce bill passed the House of Representatives.
- March 27, 1839—Chinese Government burned \$9,000,000 worth of opium owned by British subjects.
- 1866—Alliance signed by Prussia and Italy.
- March 28, 1380—Gunpowder first used in Europe by the Venetians against the Genoese. Its discovery is ascribed to Berthold Schwartz, a monk, in the year 1300.
- 1799—The New York State legislature passed a law for the abolition of slavery in that state.
- March 29, 1867—Act passed for union of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, under name of Dominion of Canada.
- March 30, 1867—Alaska bought from Russia for \$7,200,000; purchase ratified June 20th, 1867.
- 1889—Eiffel tower opened as an exposition curiosity at Paris.
- March 31, 1806—Slave trade abolished by British government.
- 1898—An earthquake caused serious damage in California.
- 1914—Ohio coal mines shut down because of labor troubles.

Bread and Soup

(Continued from page 332)

disappears, and the willows show a veil of green. The sky is high and white, the air pungent with the odor of sawdust—unforgettable odor of the northland.

Mrs. Drobkowski stood beside her daughter Harriet's grave. All Schofield was in the cemetery. The mill had closed for her funeral.

She had died, suddenly, in New Mexico, in the third year of her work. . . . "How much good Hattie did," was on every tongue. . . . But to Marusha Drobkowski, over the open grave of her first-born, the little golden-haired tot who had lisped the Hail Mary at her knees, there was no sun, no high white skies, no red-twigged maples. *For the bread and soup she ate I sold her into bondage, beat her heart. . . . For the bread and soup — —*

FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE

(Continued from page 323)

and House Prefect. Besides keeping the interior of the buildings in order he also buys all our clothing, shoes, toilet articles, and numerous

other things. Then comes a very important official. That is our Treasurer, Father Meinrad. It isn't the abundance of money that bothers him, but rather the lack of it. He needs a very small safe and a very large set of books. What money does come in is promptly paid out to meet the numerous bills of the Procurator. When first I became Abbot and saw the very big stacks of letters with checks that went out monthly to settle accounts, I wondered how we should ever be able to keep up with such a Treasurer. Fortunately he is very economical in spite of appearances. Though he can't show you stacks of money, he can show you plenty of accurate figures that tell just how things stand in the forty-five departments of the Abbey.

At the risk of passing up a few other officials we will lastly mention a word about the Abbot's mail. It involves much work. Any pack of letters may bring with it anything from gladdening contents to sources of deepest concern. I was going to say "worry" instead of "concern," but on principle I try to avoid worrying. Often letters bring Mass Intentions and stipends. We are ALWAYS grateful for these. In fact, without the support brought to us by stipends, I suppose we should soon be bankrupt. With forty priests residing at the Abbey we can give prompt attention to Mass Intentions. Other letters bring most confidential tales of woe and petitions for prayer. Since prayer is one of the principal missions of a Monastery, we are ever ready to do our best to lend such help. A notice is posted on the Abbey bulletin board asking all to pray for this or that intention. You would be surprised to see how many requests there are for blessed Medals of St. Benedict. To any person asking, a blessed medal is promptly mailed free of charge. Glowing reports of favors granted have been sent back as a token of appreciation of St. Benedict's help. From all parts of the country there come intermittently inquiries from boys and young men who think they would like to join the Abbey to become Fathers or Brothers in the Order of St. Benedict. And after careful sifting, some do come. The family is slowly but steadily growing—even to the extent that we feel the need of more building space. Unfortunately our Treasurer hasn't any building funds. Pretty regularly priests write to ask for help. A Father is wanted for a Sunday or a summer, during the absence of a good Pastor who is called from his post on some business or for a needed vacation. The summer Laymen's Retreat involves much correspondence. Then there are the many strictly private letters that one could not tell about here. All this in-coming mail calls for much writing in reply. At this very time a batch of close to four hundred letters is being prepared for the regular members of our Alumni Association. They are a part of our

family circle that we want to keep close together and united to the Alma Mater. Our numerous Fathers engaged in work away from home are in frequent communication with the Abbey Home. For their sake we appreciate the advantages of the Abbey Mail Bag.

Dear Readers, if it has been of interest to you to read these paragraphs or "this page!" I am glad. With the help of what has been said you can continue on this subject with your imagination, for I have told you only a part of what could be told. God bless you.

Yours most cordially

Signature Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot.

Hello, Ma!

(Continued from page 335)

Avalon, Wisconsin,
Sunday afternoon,
January 14, 1934.

Dear daughter:

Come down off your high horse and treat Mrs. Huck with respect. The idea of you getting cuckoo over your McCann ancestors! Your grandfather McCann carried his brogue into eternity—and he was a judge of good whisky.

Your father's brothers are tenant farmers—and that is what Henry McCann would be if my father and sister Mame hadn't given us this farm. The McCanns indeed!!

My sister Mame is the only one of the entire family to be proud of—since Mother, Father, Paddy, Ben, Annie and Jen are at rest—yet you never mention her.

There is a woman for you! She stuck to our own district school twenty-seven years, was pensioned, and then appointed postmistress at Avalon.

The whole county point to her with pride. "Mamie Ward," they say, "is a grand woman. She should run for Congress."

And how did she get that way? By being humble. Humility is greatness. She respected her superiors. It brought her where she is today—a fine position, revered by all, her praises sung far and wide.

When you start to tell about your ancestors tell about the Wards. My father and three of his brothers fought in the Civil War—enlisted

with the 31st Rhode Island Volunteers. It is the Wards who made history in Rock County, Wisconsin.

It is a wonder Mrs. Huck did not choke you for your talk on ancestors. The McCanns, indeed!!

You could glorify your little humiliations, teach yourself to adhere to the path laid down by One Who knows well the perversity of us poor mortals. Do you pray when you are alone? Ask God to make you calm, tolerant, cheerful? Do you ask the grace necessary to meet your trials?

You are a teacher in an exclusive school for private girls. The catalog pictures its beauty, tells of the many age-mellowed traditions, and prints the picture of Mrs. Huck with a beautifully kind face, *an angel face*, with love shining from every feature. Then you maliciously malign the dear soul.

Your Grandmother McCann—Lord be merciful to her!—was overly-critical of people. I always got along with her, but her own daughter Nell could not—and Nell was not at fault.

Do you want to be like Grandma McCann—to be forced when you are old to live with a daughter-in-law because you cannot be civil to your own daughter?

Mind your ways, Lady Katherine. Be nice to Mrs. Huck. What if you are getting a small salary? I heard you tell Jim Boyle the night before you went there it was the atmosphere of the school that attracted you; that you would work there for nothing just to seep in the culture and traditions you would contact.

Pull in. Acquire humility. You are out to work and I want you to keep on working.

Mrs. Huck was right in her criticism of your dramatic work. Pa and Mame always told me I was wasting money when I let you take elocution lessons.

Mame is having a stag dinner for Pa and ten of his friends. The children are helping her serve. I wouldn't be surprised if Mame got these men together for big business. She is a genius.

Wash your neck. Say your prayers. Mend your stockings. Wash the paint off your finger nails and keep a civil tongue in your head.

Your loving,

Mother.

(To be continued)

A Letter to St. Joseph

(Continued from page 327)

P. S. Since writing the above, I have found and avenged myself upon the scalawag who put that woodcarving in my room. Fortunately, he sits opposite me at table. This morning, after watching him meticulously cream and sugar his coffee, I selected my longest finger, then, very cold-bloodedly sticking it in to the second knuckle, I stirred his coffee with it. For a moment he glowered at me. But before he could hurl an insult at my breeding, I purred: "From now on, my friend, adorn your own room with those hideous woodcarvings. You are much more fitting company for them." Much to my disgust, the scamp burst into a rollicking laugh. What can ever be done with such a fellow? He still thinks that what he did was very, very funny. So, Saint Joseph, when you ask the Heavenly Accountant to erase my sins of revenge and wastefulness, sneak in a prayer for that other culprit too.

J. W.

A Plea for Mercy

(Continued from page 324)

the Mass as a whole has a festive tone or whether it strikes a mournful note. The Introit may have been joyous and expressive of great confidence, but the priest cannot quite forget his own sinfulness and utter helplessness. This thought drags from him the cry, 'Lord, have mercy,' to show that he realizes and acknowledges that it is only God's mercy that can enable him to celebrate Mass in a becoming manner.

"The Kyrie is meant for the people, too. The Church wants to dispose the souls of the faithful for prayer and prepare them to receive the heavenly gifts which God so generously dispenses during Mass. That is the reason why the priest says the Kyrie before the Collect, or Prayer, of the Mass. In the Collect the priest collects the prayers of all the people and offers them to God. First, then, he must prepare the people for prayer, and he does that by the Kyrie."

For some reason or other the Cynic was feeling so good. The bananas were beginning to taste like something he didn't like. I couldn't resist the temptation to gently let him know what was the matter.

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